PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STEWART
OF SCOTLAND
AND THE RISING OF 1745

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Prince Charles Edward Stewart.

From the painting by Blanchet, in the Collection of Colonel H. Walpole, Hechfield Place, Hampshire.

Prince Charles Edward Stewart of Scotland And the Rising of 1745

BY

WILLIAM MITCHELL

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Foreword

THIS short account of Prince Charles Edward Stewart and the rising of 1745 was written some years ago for the information of one, a stranger to these islands, who had visited with me many of the places in the itinerary of the Prince. The narrative is not, and was not intended to be complete in detail, but it is based mainly on original sources. Many of these will be found conveniently in "The Rising of 1745" by Professor Sanford Terry. Much help has also been derived from Sir Walter Scott's Works, from the well-known "Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Chevalier," by Andrew Lang, and from the works of other writers. In the matter of chronology I have adhered closely to the dates in Dr. Garden Blaikie's valuable "Itinerary." The dates are old style throughout. Miss Winifred Duke, whose knowledge of the period is very wide, has kindly read the proof-sheets, and made many valuable suggestions. To her and to my wife I am greatly indebted for their generous help. This little book is now published in the hope that it may prove of interest to those Scots at home and abroad who will not grudge spending an hour at the close of the busy day in recalling to mind romantic events which have left their mark in the history and literature of their country.

W. M.

EDINBURGH, *March*, 1930.

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Chapter I

The Raising of the Standard

At Rome, on Old Year's Night, 1720, there was born to James Francis Edward Stewart, the "Old Chevalier," and Marie Clementina Sobieska, his wife, a son, Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stewart, sometimes called the "Young Pretender," known otherwise as the "Young Chevalier," and enshrined in the history and literature of Scotland as "Bonnie Prince Charlie." James was the son of that James II. of England and VII. of Scotland who lost his crown in 1788. The mother of the Prince was the beautiful, high-spirited daughter of Prince James Sobieski, and grand-daughter of the famous John Sobieski, Polish King and hero, who delivered Europe from the Turks. With such an ancestry, one might have safely predicted at his birth that the young Prince was destined to a career in which romance and adventure, joy and sorrow, success and tragedy, would be closely interwoven. His mother's girlhood had been one of adventure; her married life utterly unhappy. The history of the house of Stewart was more tragic and romantic than that of almost any other royal house. Between 1371 and 1714 fourteen Stewarts had sat upon

the Scottish throne, six of whom were also British sovereigns. Of the fourteen, Robert III. died of grief—his elder son murdered, his second a captive in England; James I., the poet King, had been a prisoner for eighteen years, and was murdered by the lawless barons of his own country; James II. was killed in battle; James III. was murdered, his son in rebellion against him; James IV., brave and accomplished, died heroically at Flodden at the head of his troops; James V. died defeated in battle and broken-hearted, crying that his kingdom "came with a lass and would go with a lass"; his daughter, the romantic, able, and ever-fascinating Mary, Queen of Scots, after long years of exile, was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle; Charles I. also was beheaded; Charles II. remained an exile for fourteen years; James II., exiled for twelve years in his youth, was again an exile for the last twelve years of his life. It was truly a lineage of doom.* Had Æschylus or Sophocles known its awful story, the drama of destiny and of horror would have been enriched by masterpieces as wonderful as the Agamemnon, the Eumenides, and Œdipus the King.

The young Prince seems to have been possessed of a good presence, and, if the proved susceptibilities of the female sex are a trustworthy test, to have been even hand-

* *See* Voltaire, Histoire Générale.

some. His yellow hair and soft brown eyes, the latter probably inherited from his Stewart father, certainly attracted women, old and young. He possessed a good physique, as his subsequent exertions proved; he could ride and shoot with great skill, and he was able to speak several languages. Nevertheless, he possessed little of the brilliancy which belonged to the most distinguished of his ancestors, such as James I., James IV., Mary, Queen of Scots, Charles I., and Charles II. Yet none of his line, excepting, perhaps, Queen Mary, outrivalled him in his firm hold on the affections of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen. To this result his royal blood, the daring and difficulty of his adventure, its romance, its short-lived success and sudden failure, his own hair-breadth escapes by sea and land, and, above all, the glorious devotion of his adherents and helpers, have contributed and have set the Prince upon a pedestal from which he cannot be displaced.

The education of the Prince was irregular, but he possessed traits which achieved great popularity. He saw military service at the siege of Gaeta (1734), and fought at Dettingen (1743). The fall of the Stewart dynasty had never been accepted as complete either in England or in Scotland; and after the flight of James II. a considerable portion of the people of both countries looked forward to the day

when the old line would be restored and the hated German removed. Not only among the old nobility, but among the common people, this feeling was strong, and it was fostered by France for political reasons. The son of James II., James Edward, the "Old Pretender," was in close touch with men of high position in Great Britain. In England the Duke of Beaufort; his brother, Lord Noel Somerset; Lord Barrymore; and other influential men were among his supporters; while in Scotland seven persons were especially regarded as his principal friends, and acted as "the concert of gentlemen for managing the King's affairs in Scotland." They were the Earl of Traquair and the Hon. John Stewart, his brother; the Duke of Perth and his uncle, Lord John Drummond; Sir John Campbell of Auchenbreck, Lochiel's father-in-law; Lord Lovat; and Donald Cameron, younger of Lochiel. A rising in support of the "Old Pretender" had been brought about in Scotland in 1715, which proved unsuccessful; but a strong Jacobite party remained in the land, and the young Prince Charles Edward determined to make another attempt to restore the Stewart line and place his father upon the throne. Little help could be expected from the Court of France, where the Prince was then being treated coldly in consequence of remonstrances made to it by the King of Prussia and by other Protestant princes against the sup-

port given by France to the Roman Catholic party in Great Britain, which had associated itself with the Jacobite cause. Charles was warned by men of experience that, without the aid of at least six thousand men from abroad and an ample supply of arms and munitions, he could not make headway in his attempt. But the Prince was not to be persuaded. He proceeded with his arrangements, using great secrecy and energy, and resolved "to restore his royal father by means of his own subjects alone." He borrowed 180,000 livres from two friends, and other sums were raised by pawning the Sobieski rubies. Much assistance was given by two merchants, Rutledge and Walsh, sons of Irish refugees, who had followed James II. to France. These men were West Indian merchants, who also engaged in the more exciting occupation of privateering against Great Britain. Walsh lent his privateer of sixteen guns, *La Doutelle* (variously named *Du Teillay* and *Du Tellier*), to convey Charles to Scotland, while Rutledge, who had obtained from the French Government the *Elizabeth* of seventy-six guns for privateering purposes, engaged to use it as a secret escort for Charles on his voyage to Scotland. The Prince also procured fifteen hundred muskets, many broadswords, twenty small field pieces, and some ammunition, most of which equipment was carried on board the *Elizabeth*. When these stores had been acquired, he

was left with only a few thousand pounds with which to meet the cost of a military expedition against the King of Great Britain and Ireland. *La Doutelle* lay moored at the mouth of the Loire, and on her were the Prince and such of his leading adherents as were then in France. These were the Marquis of Tullibardine, Jacobite Duke of Atholl, whose title had been forfeited and was now vested in his younger brother, a Whig; Eneas MacDonald, the brother of the Laird of Kinloch-Moidart; and Buchanan, who had been engaged in the Prince's affairs in France. All of these were Scotsmen. The othere were Sir Thomas Sheridan and Captain William John O'Sullivan, two adventurous Irishmen; Sir John MacDonald, an officer of the Spanish Army; Francis Strickland, an Englishman; and George Kelly, an adventurous non-juring clergyman who had formerly been secretary to the Jacobite Bishop Atterbury. Walsh accompanied Charles rather as a friend than as an active adherent.

It was arranged that the company should travel to Nantes by different routes. They met in the beginning of July, 1745, and embarked at St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire, Charles being disguised as a student of the Scots College in Paris. *La Doutelle* then sailed for Belleisle to join the *Elizabeth*. The ships met on the 4th, and sailed north on their fateful enterprise. The

voyage was full of incident. On the 9th of July they fell in with a British man-of-war, the *Lion*, of fifty-eight guns, commanded by Captain Brett. The *Elizabeth* and the *Lion* at once engaged in a fight, which lasted for over five hours, both ships being so crippled that they ceased firing. The *Elizabeth* returned to Brest, with the loss of her captain and sixty-four men killed, and one hundred and thirty-six wounded. The *Lion* was also greatly damaged, and made for the nearest English port. Forty-five of her crew were killed and one hundred and seven wounded, among the latter being the captain, the master, and two lieutenants.

The return of the *Elizabeth* to Brest was a severe blow to Charles for in her hold were most of his military supplies, and on board was a number of officers whom he had persuaded to enter his service. But his hopes were high and his courage undoubted, and *La Doutelle* continued her voyage. On the second day she was chased by an English vessel, but escaped, and on or about the 23rd July she took up her moorings near the little island of Eriskay lying between South Uist and Barra, islands of the Hebrides. Here he came to land:

> "Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides."

Little did the Prince think that thenceforward every day

of his life, every step that he took, from the hour of his landing till the one on which, a fugitive and wanderer, he returned to these islands only to leave them for ever, would be followed with loving interest by those to whom he had committed his enterprise and by their descendants for ages; that these magic islands in perilous seas would keep his memory alive in wild sweet songs wedded to lovely music, bequeathing to later generations an imperishable heritage. Nearly two hundred years have passed away since the Prince set foot on the lonely western island, yet to-day mothers croon their children to sleep with songs of the hapless lad, and a nation rejoices in the wealth of song which his adventures inspired.

Fitly, at Eriskay, a portent appeared; for, two or three hours before landing, an eagle flew over the ship, whereupon Atholl remarked, "Sir, I hope this is an excellent omen and promises good things for us; the king of birds is come to welcome Your Highness upon your arrival in Scotland." The island at which they landed was a barren island. "They could not find a grain of meal or one inch of bread, but they catched some flounders, which they roasted upon the bare coals in a mean low hut." It belonged to one Angus MacDonald, and was one of the "black" houses, still common in the western islands, huts built of rough

stones and turf, often without windows, a hole in the roof, sometimes only the doorway, serving in place of a chimney. There they spent the night. The peat smoke or " reek " almost choked the Prince, who was unaccustomed to such primitive conditions. He was to be better acquainted with them, however, before many months had passed. Even then wise heads warned him of the impossibility of success, but he answered confidently and bravely that his Highlanders would stand by him. Some days later Cameron of Lochiel, a man of the highest character, wisdom, and loyalty, strongly advised him to return to France. Charles refused to follow his advice, saying, so the tradition goes, " I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stewart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." " No," said the brave Lochiel, " I'll share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power," a promise loyally kept.

Leaving Eriskay, the Prince and his companions sailed for the mainland, and arrived at Borrodale, in the district of Arisaig, on the 25th of July, 1745, whence urgent messages were sent convening the Jacobite chiefs.

A meeting with the Prince about this time in a tent on board his vessel is thus described: "After being three hours with the P(rince), Clanranald returned to us, and in about half ane hour after, there entered the tent, a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt not very clean and a cambrick stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat with a canvas string having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons; he had black stockins and brass buckles in his shoes; at his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat. . . . I, at this time taking him to be only a passenger or some clergyman, presumed to speak to him with too much familiarity, yet still retained some suspicion he might be one of more note than he was said to be. He asked me if I was not cold in that habite (viz., the Highland garb). I answered, I was so habituated to it that I should rather be so if I was to change my dress for any other. At this he laugh'd heartily, and next inquired how I lay with it at night, which I explained to him; he said that by wraping myself so close in my plaid I would be unprepared for any sudden defence in the case of a surprise. I answered, that in such times of danger, or during a war, we had a different method of useing the plaid, that with one spring I could start to my feet with drawn sword

and cock'd pistol in my hand, without being in the least incumber'd with my bedcloaths. Several such questions he put to me, then rising quickly, from his seat, he called for a dram . . . and soon after left us."*

At this period (1745) the Highlands of Scotland were under a patriarchal system, each clan occupying a district of its own. Private feuds were still rife among them; while, politically, they were sharply divided. Some of them, such as the Argyllshire Campbells, the Grants, the Mackintoshes, the Gordons, favoured the Protestant dynasty; while the Camerons, the MacDonalds of Moidart and Knoydart, the Macdonells of Glengarry, the Stewarts of Appin, and others favoured the Jacobite cause. Others, like the MacLeods and MacDonalds of Skye, wavered, and ultimately favoured the reigning house. Many of the chieftains, on learning that the Prince had come almost alone without any foreign troops and with only exiguous supplies of arms and money, held back. Others joined when it was known that Lochiel was to support him, and soon a considerable number of the western clans were on the warpath. A successful skirmish in which two companies of Royal Scots soldiers were captured without loss to the Highlanders raised their spirits greatly and brought many waverers

* Lockhart Papers ii., 479. London, 1817.

to the Prince's side. On 18th August he set out for Glenfinnan, where Lochiel met him with about seven hundred Camerons, along with their prisoners, a sight which so encouraged Charles that he raised the standard. The Jacobite Duke of Atholl unfurled the flag, and a manifest and commission of regency by his father in favour of the Prince, both dated at Rome, December, 1743, were read. The Prince addressed the gathering in what was described by Murray of Broughton as " a very Pathetick speech," telling them that he " esteemed it as much his duty to procure their welfare and happiness as they did to assert his [father's] right; that it was chiefly with that view that he had landed in a part of the Island where he knew he should find a number of brave gentlemen fired with the ' noble example of their predecessors, and jealous of their own and their Country's honour, to join with him in so glorious an enterprise, with whose assistance, and the protection of a just God who never fails to avenge the cause of the injured, he did not doubt of bringing the affair to a happy issue.' After this ceremony was over, he retired to his quarters, which he had taken up in a little barn at the head of the Loch." And so the die was cast. MacDonald of Keppoch arrived a few hours later with three hundred men. Many had been longing for the Prince's coming, and now their hopes were realised.

And the Rising of 1745

"But, O, he was lang o' coming,
O, he was lang o' coming,
O! he was lang o' coming;
Welcome—Royal Charlie."

From the first, the landing of the Prince inspired the Scottish singers, both Highland and Lowland, and the history of the adventure could almost be detailed in contemporary verses and songs. Many of the latter are of high merit, and, with their haunting melodies, form an important part of the imperishable body of Scottish song.

Chapter II

The Road to Edinburgh, and the Battle of Prestonpans

By 27th August the Prince's army numbered about two thousand men. Avoiding Fort-William, which was occupied by the King's troops, he proceeded by Invergarry, and thence to Corryarrack Pass, through the mountains, between Dalwhinnie and Fort Augustus.

News that the Prince had left Nantes had reached the British Government in July, 1745; but the first definite news of his landing only reached Edinburgh in a letter from MacLeod of MacLeod to Lord President Forbes, dated 3rd August, almost a fortnight after the Prince's landing at Eriskay. Forbes, who was himself proprietor of the Highland estate of Culloden, at once informed Sir John Cope, who was in command of the King's forces in Scotland. Cope was an officious person of no great ability, and unfitted for high command. He had seen some service at Dettingen, but his duties in Scotland were probably considered not onerous at the time of his appointment, for there were only a few thousand men in his command. Forbes, on the other hand, was not only a distinguished lawyer and a man of

the highest sagacity, but was also well-affected towards the Government. He quickly left Edinburgh for Inverness in order to win over as many of the clans as possible to the side of the Government, and met with considerable success.

Meanwhile Cope proceeded northwards with part of his troops, and, instead of turning west to Fort Augustus through the Pass of Corryarrack, which the Highlanders were expecting to be his objective, he turned aside to Inverness, thus leaving open the way to the south. Soon the wild notes of the bagpipes were heard, as the Highland army marched unhindered on its way to the capital of Scotland. The march southward through Perthshire suggested to James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, the lovely song, still so popular:

"Cam ye by Atholl, lad wi' the philabeg,
Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,
Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie.
Follow thee! Follow thee! wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairly!
Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie."

Passing Blair Atholl and Dunkeld, they soon reached Perth, "The Fair City," so famous in Scottish story, where they remained for a week. Here the Prince's army was reinforced by three hundred and fifty Highlanders and by several important followers, amongst whom Lord George Murray was the most notable.

On the 11th of September the army left Perth and crossed the Forth at Balquhan, a few miles above Stirling. The Prince forded the river at the head of his troops. He was then in the midst of historical battlegrounds, in a district teeming with memories of Wallace and Stirling Bridge and Falkirk, of Bruce and Bannockburn, and many another brave fight in Scottish history. Gardiner's dragoons should have opposed him at the Forth, but they did not await his crossing. Thence, by Leckie, the Jacobites marched to Falkirk and Linlithgow, where stood the royal palace, whose impressive ruins still tower over the lake, and a venerable abbey. The dragoons retired as their foe advanced.

On the 16th of September the Prince reached Corstorphine, a village on the outskirts of Edinburgh, now a part of the city. Deeply must Charles have been moved as he neared the grey old capital of Scotland, where Stewart kings, his forefathers, had held sway for hundreds of years. What vicissitudes of fortune for his

race had its old castle and palace beheld! Kings in their glory and in their defeat: the brave James I., the poet King; the courtly James IV., whose defeat and death at Flodden made one of the saddest days in Edinburgh's history; the imperishable story of Mary, Queen of Scots, who wept because she could not wear a broadsword and sleep like a soldier on the causeway of the city streets; these and other memories of things joyful and things sad must have surged up in his soul. How would Edinburgh receive him, the latest aspirant to the Scottish throne?

At Corstorphine he summoned the Lord Provost to surrender Edinburgh, then marched by Saughton to Slateford, and encamped by the side of the Water of Leith, near that village. The Prince lodged in the farmhouse of Gray's Mill, near Inglis Green, Slateford, in close proximity to the capital. The conduct of the Lord Provost, a Jacobite, was greatly called in question for not having taken efficient steps to safeguard the city. He was ultimately tried for and acquitted of neglect of duty. He seems to have been deserted by the great officers of the State, the military chiefs, and all whose duty it was to advise him in such a situation. To raise troops the King's sanction was required, and that sanction only reached Edinburgh eight days before the Prince's arrival in the city. Two hundred and fifty men

were enlisted, but not made use of. On the whole, there was little that the Provost could have done.

It is interesting to note that the repair of the city walls was entrusted to Colin Maclaurin, the great mathematician. Thus history repeated itself, for two thousand years before, Archimedes, the famous mathematician, had been entrusted with the defence of Syracuse, in Sicily. But the Edinburgh trades were then busy electing their deacons and officials, and took no interest in making the walls fit for the reception of cannon. On the 16th of September the Prince sent a summons to the magistrates to surrender the town, threatening with death any citizen found in arms. The inhabitants, fearing the clansmen, begged the Lord Provost to surrender and save their lives, but the latter endeavoured to temporise, and sent a message to the Prince asking for terms. The Prince demanded an answer to his summons by two o'clock in the morning. The Provost, still playing for delay, for he knew that Cope had arrived at Dunbar, sent a second deputation, but it was unsuccessful; and as the coach containing its members was entering the Netherbow Port, or gate of the city, the gate was rushed by Cameron of Lochiel, the guard overpowered, and Edinburgh was in the hands of the Prince. Everything remained quiet, and, in truth, the Highlanders merely took the place of the

King's Dragoons, as guard of the city. The Prince made a progress to Holyrood Palace, the home of his fathers, and was met on the way by twenty thousand inhabitants, who welcomed, or at least witnessed, his arrival. His appearance there is thus described by a contemporary writer: "The figure and presence of Charles Stuart were not ill suited to his pretentions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion, he had a light coloured periwig, with his own hair combed over the front. He wore the Highland dress, that is, a tartan short coat, without the plaid, crimson velvet breeches and military boots; a blue bonnet was on his head, and on his breast the Star of the Order of St. Andrew"—truly an attractive picture of the young invader.

It was observed, however, that when the Prince was about to enter the Palace his countenance was languid and melancholy; that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror. At noon, at the old Market Cross, the heralds, in their robes of State, proclaimed Charles's father as King James VIII. and Charles as Prince Regent. The ease with which all this was accomplished was remarkable, but the truth was that there were only a few regiments of troops in Scotland, that these were badly led, and that no effective opposition could have been put up except

by the town of Edinburgh, which seemed, however, to regard the rebellion more as a spectacle than as a serious rising possessing any chance of success. Meanwhile, Sir John Cope had reached Inverness and conferred with Duncan Forbes, the distinguished President of the Court of Session, the supreme Civil Court of Scotland. The result of the conference was that Cope decided to return to Edinburgh by sea. Ships were collected at Aberdeen, and he sailed on 15th September for the Forth, and landed at Dunbar on the 17th, the day on which Prince Charles entered Edinburgh.

At Dunbar Cope was joined by the dragoons, who had fled from Edinburgh. Next day he marched to Haddington, and on the 20th to Prestonpans, where he encamped to the south of the village of Cockenzie. Learning that Cope was about to attack him, the Prince left Holyrood Palace and joined his army at Duddingston. Here he passed the night in the small cottage opposite the western entrance to Duddingston House. It is of interest to note that before leaving Edinburgh he arranged for a supply of coaches for the wounded and a staff of medical men to attend them, including the distinguished surgeon, Dr. Monro, Professor of Anatomy, a staunch Whig. At nine o'clock in the morning of 20th September the Prince addressed his army. Drawing his sword, and with determination in his face,

" Gentlemen," he said, " I have flung away the Scabbard, with Gods assistance I dont doubt of making you a free and happy people. Mr. Cope shall not escape us as he did in the Highlands." Then the army marched to Musselburgh and Tranent, whence they could see Cope's forces in order of battle near Prestonpans. In the middle of the night the Highlanders approached their opponents through an unguarded morass. They formed in order of battle to the west of Seton Castle, charged immediately, and in five minutes Cope's dragoons and infantry were scattered to the winds. Of about two thousand men, only one hundred and seventy escaped slaughter and capture. Cope, after vainly endeavouring to rally his cavalry, fled to Lauder, and thence to Berwick and the sea, where he was met by Lord Mark Kerr with the remark that " he believed he was the first General who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat." Cope's surprise and easy rout were the theme of many satirical verses. After the battle the Prince displayed great magnanimity towards his opponents. The slaughter was stopped, the wounded were attended to, and the dead were buried. The medical aid obtained from Edinburgh afforded great relief to the sufferers, and friend and foe were treated alike. Over a thousand prisoners were taken, many of whom, mostly Highlanders, joined the Prince's army.

Such Highlanders as refused to join were sent to their homes after giving their word of honour not to bear arms against the Prince. On Sunday, the day after the battle, the Prince's army returned to Edinburgh, headed by a large number of pipers, playing the Prince's favourite air, "The King shall enjoy his own again." The Prince took no part in the demonstration, and issued a proclamation forbidding public rejoicing over the defeat of his father's misguided subjects. Though the invasion had hardly been regarded seriously, nevertheless the Prince was practically master of Scotland, only the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling and three Highland forts holding out against him. He remained in Holyrood Palace for seven weeks. During their occupation of Edinburgh, and, indeed, throughout almost the whole campaign, the discipline of the Highlanders was excellent. Drunkenness and rioting were absent; they attended church, and altogether their conduct contrasted favourably with that of the English soldiers. Jacobitism attained to a surface popularity, and the Prince's soldiers seem to have been on terms of great intimacy and popularity with the daughters of the land.

"Outower yon moory mountain,
And down yon craigy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing
But Charlie an' his men.

"An' Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
An' Charlie he's my darling,
The Young Chevalier."*

At first the men were quartered in the town, but afterwards their camp was at Duddingston, where they were free from the temptations of the city. They lived in tents captured from Cope at Prestonpans, and it is recorded that some of the sturdy Highlanders objected to this kind of cover, because tents were too luxurious!

But successful though the Prince had been—and he was now master of Scotland—his men thought that their work was done. Out of an army of two thousand five hundred men at Prestonpans, a thousand of them had deserted within a few days of the battle, many, doubtless, with the intention of securing their crops. This weakness was hidden effectually from the English, so that Charles had time to obtain additional troops. A serious obstacle to this was the efforts of Duncan Forbes, the Lord President, who clearly saw the weakness of the Prince's cause, and did his best, with considerable success, to prevent the northern chiefs from aiding him. Edinburgh, which, except its castle, was occupied by the Prince, did little to help either him or King George. The occupation of the city was little more than an

* James Hogg.

interesting social event. Among the perfervid Jacobite ladies there was a mania for the tartan, which they utilised as plaids, riding habits, curtains, bed quilts, and shoes. But Whig tartans were worn by King George's female supporters, and the rival fashion cooled the ardour of the Prince's admirers, who then renounced the tartan. In one year from the date of the occupation many of the Jacobite ladies shared in the gaieties held in the capital in honour of King George's birthday!

The Prince held court in splendour. Every morning he received his officers; then he held a council, after which he dined in public with his principal gentlemen. In the afternoon he inspected his troops, and in the evening received in Holyrood the ladies of fashion. The Prince did not dance and did not wear the kilt, and when in Highland dress he wore a tartan coat and breeches. He won completely the hearts of the ladies, though his manner towards them is said to have been cool, and he was embarrassed in their company. He loved the soldier's life, and slept in his clothes among his troops, under canvas. Alexander Carlyle, in his well-known autobiography, mentions the Prince's profound melancholy.

The time which the Prince spent in Edinburgh might possibly have been more profitably utilised in continuing his march into England, where his opponents were but

ill-prepared to meet him. Probably he expected to rouse enthusiasm in the capital and add considerably to his forces; but, notwithstanding the devotion of his admirers, principally ladies of old Scottish families, new followers were few. Master of Scotland, excepting the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling and several Highland forts, he now held a position of considerable advantage, remarkable, indeed, for one who but a short time before had landed in the little Hebridean isle with only seven supporters. Should he or should he not turn southward in the hope of rousing the enthusiasm of English Jacobites, and winning their active support? It was the opinion of some that the battle of Prestonpans should be followed up immediately by an invasion of England, but others counselled delay. The army had been diminished by half, for the Highlanders were returning home with their booty and to gather their crops, and it would be hopeless, it was argued, to enter England with so small a force. Several English regiments had returned from Flanders, and six thousand troops had been supplied by the States of Holland in terms of a treaty. These were drawing to a centre around Newcastle-on-Tyne, under General Wade. It seems clear that without additional reinforcements it would have been futile to attack England; and for such reinforcements the Prince elected to wait. Edinburgh held aloof, probably anticipating an early engagement

between the Prince's and the King's forces. But news of the victory spread and brought considerable accessions, chiefly from Aberdeenshire and Central Scotland. The Jacobite strength was organised rapidly; two troops of cavalry were formed under Lord Elcho and Lord Balmerino, who was afterwards beheaded for the part he played in the rebellion. Some assistance of money and munitions arrived from France, and in a short time the army had swelled to five thousand five hundred men. Charles pressed to be allowed to lead this army into England; but his council did not approve. A compromise was effected on the footing that a march should meanwhile be made to the Border.

Chapter III

Over the Border

On 31st October, 1745, Prince Charles left the capital at the head of his guards, never to return. They halted at Dalkeith, where the army was divided into two divisions; one, under the Dukes of Perth and Atholl, marched towards Carlisle, the other, commanded by the Prince in person, with Lord George Murray second-in-command, was bound for Jedburgh as a demonstration designed to alarm General Wade and keep him from divining the real object, the occupation of Carlisle. Desertions were numerous, for many thought that having mastered Scotland they had done enough; probably most were of opinion that little support would be forthcoming in England, and that they would soon be met by irresistible forces.

By these or other causes the army was diminished by at least a thousand men before the one column had reached Brampton, and the other Carlisle. This town had long been the principal English fortress on the western frontier and often the scene of many a stirring fight. Its walls were built in the time of Henry VIII., and had been strengthened by Queen Elizabeth.

The castle stood on an eminence, and was well protected. The mayor of the town issued a proclamation declaring that he was not Paterson, a Scot, but Pattison, an Englishman, and that he would hold the town to the last, and the commander of the castle made an equally valiant protestation. The Duke of Perth, who was in command of the column which had marched on Carlisle, determined to take the town, and commenced trenching operations, which so terrified the Mayor that he desired to make terms. The Duke refused to grant these unless the castle also surrendered. Both town and castle then capitulated on condition that the citizens should be protected and the garrison allowed to retire, after delivering to the invaders their arms and horses, and engaging not to fight against the Prince for the space of twelve months. A thousand stands of arms, a hundred barrels of powder, many military stores and valuables brought in from the surrounding country for safety were found in the castle, having been placed there by the inhabitants, who probably had good reason to fear the predatory instincts of the Highlanders. On the 17th of November the Prince entered Carlisle in triumph. Truly his expedition had been successful to a remarkable degree, and had English Jacobitism possessed any backbone and given real assistance the throne of the Georges might have fallen. But no substantial help came from that quarter, and news from Scotland

soon showed that the Lowland parts did not regard the movement as a real revolution, but only as a Highland foray on a large scale. Perth and Dundee openly sided with the house of Hanover. At Edinburgh the force which lay in the castle again occupied the city. The judges and many of the leading Whigs who had vanished with the arrival of the Prince now returned and resumed their labours on behalf of the Government. Two regiments came from Newcastle, and the dragoons, which had fought so poorly at Prestonpans, again returned to the city. Glasgow, Paisley, Stirling, and Dumfries were organising their militia, and the great house of Argyll was also arming on the King's behalf. Even in the Highlands the cause of the Prince was in jeopardy. A number of important clans stood aloof from him; Inverness was occupied by the troops under Lord Loudon, and, although considerable supports lay at Perth, it was clear that the rebellion had scant strength behind it, and that the Prince's forces controlled little more than the ground they stood on. Everything depended on the help that was expected from England; but that help was not forthcoming. As the outcome of a council held at Carlisle, at which the question of a farther advance was closely debated, it was determined, chiefly by the will of the Prince, to proceed with the march southward. Lord George Murray and others only consented to

this course in order that every opportunity might be afforded to the English Jacobites to join the movement. Although it was known that upwards of six thousand Government troops lay at various places on the road, it was decided to make for London by the Lancashire route without waiting for the reinforcements which had been summoned from Perth. On the 21st of November the Highland army, with the Prince in supreme command and Lord George Murray next under him, marched from Carlisle to Penrith, slipped past General Wade, and arrived at Preston on the 26th. They marched in two divisions, the Prince with targe and claymore marching on foot at the head of the Highland regiments, and Lord George Murray at the head of the Lowland Division. Indeed, Charles, who possessed a fine physique, always shared the hardships of his followers.

No recruits could be obtained at Preston, and the Prince had to buoy up the spirits of his troops by holding out expectations of support from Manchester, and of troops from France. Even more than in Lowland Scotland, the inhabitants of England seemed to regard the Prince's march as a mere spectacle. They lined the roads in thousands to see him pass, but did not take up arms in his support, however much they may have wished him well. Probably the celerity of his movements was

too great for them to realise that a rebellion was actually afoot. The army reached Manchester on the 29th. It is unfortunate that the art of film-making was unknown in earlier ages, for had it existed many historical scenes of intense dramatic interest might have been recorded to the delight of the eyes and the minds of succeeding generations. The hunger for realism so characteristic of our age might have been satisfied in a manner that the pen of a Gibbon or a Carlyle could not have accomplished. What a possession would a moving-picture of the fall of Babylon or of Nineveh or of Jerusalem not be! What thrills would hold us as we viewed the burning of the Bastille! These great events were the culminating tragedies of war or of revolution. But history has its comedies as well as its tragedies, and of such was the capture of Manchester by Prince Charlie's men in 1745. Few seem to have read its details. It was an act of consummate assurance, and so successful that even to-day the inhabitants of the great city do not like to be reminded of it. There was, indeed, cause to blush; for the drama possessed in abundance those comic elements that in later days made memorable for all time Captain Köpenick's exploit by which German military red-tape was ridiculed in side-splitting laughter.

In the year 1745 Manchester was a town of moderate size, " the largest, most rich, populous, and busy village

in England," whose inhabitants were " not only thrifty and inventive, but very industrious and saving—always contriving and inventing something new." Thither the Highlanders turned hoping for support in men and food. What were the feelings of the " decent buddies " of the good town when news arrived that the Highlanders were coming? Curiosity perhaps predominated, but many must have had uncomfortable visions of wild men from the hills, with tangled locks, swaying tartans, and feet covered with deerskin, lawless and hungry; visions of fat pigs and poultry, even their friendly cows being stolen and sacrificed before their very eyes. But curiosity was uppermost in their minds. Thousands lined the streets to witness the arrival of the Prince; truly a gallant show. But neither kilt nor claymore enlisted the services of the douce inhabitants of the northern town, and, despite his efforts, the Prince at first obtained no recruits. And then a strange thing happened—one of those things which are sometimes attributed to mere accident, but are oftener the result of an intelligent understanding of a particular situation. What occurred is narrated vividly by the Chevalier Johnstone, a roving Scot who after spending part of his life in Russia and elsewhere on the Continent, and still seeking adventures, had joined the Prince's army. " One of my sergeants," says the Chevalier Johnstone, " named Dickson, whom I had

enlisted from among the prisoners of war at Gladsmuir (Prestonpans), a young Scotchman, as brave and intrepid as a lion, informed me, on the 27th, at Preston, that he had been beating up for recruits all day without getting one. He had quitted Preston in the evening with his mistress and my drummer; and having marched all night, he arrived next morning at Manchester, and immediately began to beat up for recruits for 'the yellow haired laddie.' The populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving our army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive until the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him alive or dead. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him; and by turning round continually, facing in all directions and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle, which a crowd of people had formed round him. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stewart took arms and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob, so that he soon had five or six hundred to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn, and putting himself at the head

of his followers, he proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting all who offered themselves. This adventure of Dickson gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the singular circumstance of its having been taken by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl."

This measure of success, small though it was, encouraged the Prince to continue his advance toward Derby, in the heart of England, and only one hundred and twenty-seven miles from London; but he gave a promise to retreat if the country failed to rise in his favour. From Manchester towards Derby the Highland army went, but no support came from the English Jacobites. Having arrived at Derby, the Prince found himself less than a day's march from an army of ten thousand men under the Duke of Cumberland, whose headquarters were at Lichfield. The soldiers of the Duke, however, were of poor quality and not of the mettle of the hardy Highlanders. Another English army was in the west of Yorkshire, several marches to the rear of the Jacobites, who were thus in a position of danger. Other regiments were gathering near London. In spite of the growing strength of the King's forces, the Prince would have pressed on to London, which probably he could have done without difficulty owing to the extremely mobile character of his army. On the morning of the

5th of December, however, Lord George Murray and the other leaders conferred with Charles and informed him that, in their judgment, it was useless to proceed farther south. They pointed out that very little help had come from England and from France; that if any person of importance in England had invited them to go to London they would have gone; that the present condition of things was critical, with armies before and behind, and their own army too small for its task. Lord George laid before the Prince the plan of a campaign in Scotland, where his reinforcements lay, and advised retreat. Charles did not relish the advice; stated his desire to make for London, broke up the council, but ultimately had to follow the advice tendered. Deeply chagrined, he told his officers that in future he would not ask or accept their counsel. This movement from Derby, necessary though it was, was the beginning of the end.

Chapter IV

The Retreat

The retreat commenced on the 6th December, 1745. Till then the discipline of the troops had been exemplary. Now they became more reckless, seeing that they were leaving the country for ever and that there was no hope of winning over the inhabitants to their cause. Their acts were those of plunder rather than of violence. On the other hand, the attitude of the country people grew more hostile and provocative. Thus, at Manchester the inhabitants, probably ashamed of their former timidity, took courage and even fired some shots at the Highland army. Charles retaliated and fined the town £2500.

The Duke of Cumberland, who was at Lichfield when Charles was at Derby, was not aware of his departure from that town till two days later; but on the 8th December he marched northward in pursuit of the Highlanders. The latter moved with great celerity and in good order, Lord George Murray himself taking the post of danger in charge of the rearguard. The Prince and the main body of his troops arrived at Penrith on the evening of the 17th of December, but owing to various causes the rearguard was six miles behind him, and a

body of the enemy's cavalry penetrated between the two bodies. Lord George, with Glengarry's Highlanders and 200 men under Colonel John Roy Stewart, boldly attacked them and put them to flight. But the Duke was close at hand with 4000 men, a force greatly superior to that at the disposal of Lord George, although the latter had received some reinforcements. The Duke's cavalry was in touch with Lord George's troops on the open moor of Clifton; behind him was a firwood in the path of his retreat. The English were bent on an attack, and Lord George, to meet it, drew up his small force with great skill. About a thousand English dragoons advanced in the darkness against his flank, but were observed, and, making a sudden onslaught with the claymore, the Highlanders, headed by Lord George himself, swept their opponents from the field with considerable loss. Another body of dragoons made a similar advance, only to meet with the same fate at the hands of Glengarry's and Colonel Stewart's regiments. Some of the latter penetrated to the main body of the King's forces on the moor, and it is recorded that if a Highlander's pistol had not missed fire the Duke of Cumberland himself would have bit the dust. Lord George hastened to demand reinforcements from Charles, so that he might deal with the bulk of his opponents, but Sir Walter Scott says that " the Prince, doubtful of the event, or jealous of his

General, declined to comply with this request," and Lord George, after his victory, had no option but to rejoin the main army. The skirmish at Clifton showed clearly that the clansmen were better fighters than the men sent against them, and for the remainder of the journey north the lesson then learned was seriously taken to heart, and the royal troops kept at a respectful distance from their fierce opponents. The Highland army reached Carlisle on the 19th of December, and evacuated it on the following day, leaving behind the Manchester regiment and a number of French and Irish soldiers as a garrison.

To reach Scotland the army had to cross the Esk river, then swollen with rains. Two lines of cavalry, according to the Chevalier Johnstone, were stationed in the river, one above the ford to break the strength of the current, the other below to pick up passengers who might be swept away. Through the lane between the lines the rest of the army marched ten or twelve abreast, their arms locked so as to support each other against the current, and their heads alone visible above the water. All the soldiers passed in safety, one who was being swept away having been snatched into safety by the Prince himself.

"I passed the water," said Lord George Murray. "We were a hundred men abreast, and it was a very

fine show; the water was big and took most of the men breast high. When I was near cross the river, I believe there were two thousand men in the water at once, there was nothing seen but their heads and shoulders; but there was no danger, for we caused try the water and the ford was good, and Highlanders will pass a water where horses will not, which I have seen. . . . The pipes began to play so soon as we passed, and the men all danced reels, which in a moment dried them, for they held the tails of their short coats in their hands in passing the river, so when their thighs were dry, all was right."

This crossing of the Esk was accomplished in nearly the same manner as was the crossing of the Rhine by the ex-officers of Viscount Dundee's army, a feat which formed the subject of Aytoun's soul-stirring ballad, "The Isle of the Scots," in the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers."

The plan of the march suggested to the Prince by Lord George Murray was that the latter should proceed to Moffat, and after making a feint towards the Edinburgh road, turn off to Douglas, then to Hamilton and Glasgow, while the Prince should march with the clans by Annan to Dumfries, then by Leadhills to the same destination. This plan was approved of. Lord George arrived at Glasgow on the 25th of December, and the

Prince on the following day. There they remained for several days to rest their forces. The Prince reviewed his troops on the College Green, and found that he had lost but few men on his expedition into England, a surprising result that proved both the military weakness of England at this period and the good leadership of the invading army. Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland, mindful of the lesson of Clifton, had followed at a respectful distance as far as Carlisle, whose small garrison held out for a few days and then surrendered, after which the Duke returned to London. And so the Campaign of 1745 ended.

Meanwhile the situation in Scotland had turned to the disadvantage of the Prince. Edinburgh was again occupied by the forces of the King, and southern Scotland showed no favour for the Stewart cause. Lord Loudon held Inverness for the King, with an army of MacLeods, MacDonalds of Skye, and other northern clans who had not " come out " with the Prince. He had even arrested the chief of the Frasers, that deceitful trimmer, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat; but the wily old chief had effected his escape and was in hiding, whence he maintained a correspondence with the Prince. Glasgow had raised a regiment of 600 men which had been sent to Stirling to assist in the defences of the passages of the Forth, but had fallen back on Edinburgh to guard the capital

against the expected attack. Fort Augustus, at the south-western end of Loch Ness, was strongly held for the King. The Prince had demanded a thousand pairs of shoes and £2000 from Dumfries, only part of which sum was paid. From Glasgow he demanded and obtained stores to the value of £10,000, which the city was enjoined to pay under the threat of military execution. The whole of the shirts not having been supplied at the date of departure, two citizens were taken as hostages.

"The Lowlanders," says Chambers, "were often highly amused by the demands of their Highland guests, or, rather, by the uncouth broken language in which these demands were preferred. It is still told by the aged people of Dumfries as a good joke that they would come into houses and ask for 'a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till something petter pe ready.' It is remembered in another part of the country, that some of them gave out their orders to the mistress of the house for a morning meal in the following language: 'You'll put down a pread, matam, and a putter, matam, and a sheese, matam, and a tea, matam, shentleman's preakfast, matam, and you'll give her a shilling to carry her to the neisht toun, matam.'"

On the 3rd day of January, 1746, Charles left Glasgow and fixed his headquarters near Stirling,

at the village of Bannockburn, the scene of the famous battle of that name between Robert the Bruce and Edward II. of England in 1314, which secured the independence of Scotland. From 4th to 16th January Charles was at the house of Sir Hugh Paterson, of Bannockburn. Here he suffered from fever and cold, and was nursed by Clementina Walkinshaw, a niece of Sir Hugh, and daughter of Walkinshaw of Barrowfield. What their relations were at that time is not certain, but after he had lived some years in exile she joined him as his mistress and bore him a daughter. His refusal to give her up, at the request of his adherents, was the final blow to the Jacobite cause.

Stirling was surrendered by the magistrates, but the castle held out under General Blakeney, a capable officer. An addition to the Prince's forces was stationed at Perth, which was swollen by the arrival of men from Aberdeen and Banff shires, under the command of Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke of Gordon, a popular and capable member of the "gay Gordons" family, who had already engaged in a successful action in Aberdeenshire on the Prince's side. Reinforcements of troops and artillery had been conveyed from France by Lord John Drummond, brother of the Duke of Perth, who brought with him M. Mirabelle de Gordon, a French engineer, who proved to be desti-

tute of capacity. His army thus strengthened and now numbering 9000 men, the Prince invested Stirling, hoping to take the castle. Meanwhile, General Hawley, who had been appointed to the chief command in Scotland, had reached Edinburgh on 6th January, and on 13th of January his advance guard, under General Huske, set out for Edinburgh. The main body and rearguard followed on the 15th and 16th. The Prince thereupon left a force under the Duke of Perth to continue the siege of Stirling Castle, while he himself took up his position at Bannockburn and awaited Hawley's approach. The armies met at Falkirk Moor, where after a doubtful battle the advantage ultimately lay with the Prince, whose troops, however, owing to their impetuosity and to tempestuous weather, or, as Charles afterwards alleged, the lack of victuals, fell into disorder, and were unable to follow up their advantage. Hawley withdrew his troops to Linlithgow, and on the next day retreated helter-skelter to Edinburgh. When in Linlithgow his troops occupied the beautiful royal palace, and piled such fires in the hearths that the place caught fire and was burned to the ground. The ruins remain, an imposing edifice, towering above the old abbey and the lake, and are now properly cared for and preserved by the British Government.

The news of the defeat caused great consternation in

Government circles, for it had been thought that when the invaders left England the back of the rebellion was broken. The Duke of Cumberland was at once placed in supreme command, and left London to take up his duties on the 25th of January, 1746. The arrival of the Duke in Edinburgh brought about greater clemency in dealing with rebel prisoners, who were being executed in considerable numbers by General Hawley, the Duke's second in command. Meanwhile, Charles's army had not only suffered severely in the battle, but was diminished by his men leaving for their homes with their plunder. He decided, notwithstanding, to continue the siege of Stirling Castle, a resolution taken without consultation with his chief supporters. They, however, drew up and presented to him a paper advising him to retreat northwards, urging that the army was not in a fit state either to prosecute the siege or to oppose the advance of Cumberland, and that it would be better to attack Inverness and the still uncaptured forts, and thereby consolidate his position in the north. "Good God," cried he, "have I lived to see this?" But he had to yield. A confused retreat began by way of Dunblane to Crieff. Thence the western men marched northward by the Highland road; another column, under Lord George Murray, travelled along the east coast by Montrose and Aberdeen to Inverness, while the remainder struck for

Braemar. Charles marched on Inverness, which was held by Lord Loudon, who, thinking the odds against him were too great, retreated northwards to Sutherland. Inverness was taken on the 18th, Fort George on the 20th of February, 1746, and Fort Augustus followed in March. The Duke had marched as far as Perth, but, on the arrival of 6000 Hessian troops at Leith, he returned to Edinburgh and held a council of war, the result of which was that he again set out for the north, accompanied by a large and well-appointed army, and took up his quarters at Aberdeen on the 27th of February, in time to prevent a landing at Peterhead of French reinforcements for Prince Charles. With the exception of a few men who landed at Portsoy, on the Moray Firth coast, the French force, with its supplies and money, of which Charles stood greatly in need, returned to France. A well-concerted attack against the forts established by the Duke in Perthshire was skilfully and successfully carried out by the dauntless Murray, and 300 prisoners were taken. The siege of the strong old castle of Blair was desisted from because of the advance of the Hessians, and, although Lord George requested the Prince to send him 1200 men in order that he might attack, the Prince refused his request for the ostensible reason that he was concentrating his army and could not spare the men.

Lord George thereupon betook himself to Speyside with his forces and afterwards joined the Prince. It is said that Murray's enemies, of which there were a number in the camp, had poisoned the Prince's mind against him, and that it was the suspicion thus engendered which caused the Prince to refuse the request of his lieutenant-general.

Chapter V

Culloden

The spring of 1746 was now approaching fast, and the fronts of the main bodies of both armies lay along the banks of the swift waters of the Spey. Engagements of minor importance had taken place both thereabouts and in the far north of Scotland. It became clear that a general engagement was not far distant, and the Prince himself, mindful of the successes which had attended all the greater contests in which his troops had been engaged, and perhaps desirous of knowing his fate, was not averse from making a final trial of strength with the Duke. Besides, he had difficulty in keeping his army together, and money was scarce wherewith to pay his men. He accordingly summoned to Inverness the detachments which had been operating in various parts of the country. It would have been easy to make a stand by the Spey, a deep and rapid river passable in its lower reaches by only a few fords, which could have been held by comparatively small forces. But this obvious advantage was given up without a struggle. It is impossible that this course could have been taken with the advice or consent of such skilful soldiers as Lord George Murray and

some of the other leaders. Indeed, since the retreat from Derby, the Prince, in conformity with his character, had been less inclined to accept counsel from his followers and was becoming more autocratic. The failure of France to send sufficient assistance in men and money doubtless embittered his feelings, while discord and jealousies were rife in the camp. His troops were ill-provided for and discontented from want of pay, and many had gone to visit their homes in the hills. His cavalry were few and in poor condition, and some of them had been converted into foot guards. It is said that the army had become reduced by 3000 or 4000 men. In these circumstances the Highland forces were in no fit state to meet the attack of a well-organised and well-found army. Nor were the plans for the engagement in better case. The excellent opportunities offered for defending the fords of the Spey had been thrown away; and now, forgetting the characteristics of Highland warfare, the Prince chose terrain unsuited for these special qualities. He placed his forces on Drummossie Moor, commonly known as Culloden Moor, to which it is adjacent. The Highlanders lay at arms throughout the night of the 14th of April. Next morning the Prince drew them up in order of battle as he desired it to be fought. They were arranged in two lines, at the extreme right of which were the Atholl men, and next

to them Lochiel and his Camerons. The Clans of Appin, Fraser, Mackintosh, MacLauchlan, MacLean, and Farquharson formed the centre; while on the left were the MacDonald regiments of Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. The second line was divided into three bodies, with intervals between. In this second line were placed the cavalry. The first line comprised about 4700 men, the second about 2000 infantry and 250 horse. Although food was said to have been plentiful in Inverness, the army was poorly victualled. It is recorded that the men received only one biscuit apiece on the 15th of April, the day before the battle. News arrived that the Duke's forces, which were stationed at Nairn, would not move on the 15th, being engaged in celebrating his birthday. The Prince then called together the second council of war since Derby (the first having been held near Crieff). Lord George Murray advised an attack that night, under cover of darkness, as being best suited to Highland fighting, and offered to take the lead and attack the Duke's army in the rear at the same time as a frontal attack was being delivered. This plan was objected to, partly owing to the absence of some of the clans, who had not yet reached the camp, partly owing to the distance (twelve miles) which would have to be traversed, and partly owing to the danger of discovery. But the exigencies of the situation outweighed these considerations, and it was

resolved to spring a surprise on the Duke. Before it was time to make the attempt great numbers of men left to forage, as food was scarce; and, indeed, the men had had little to eat that day. So true it is that soldiers march on their stomachs. The march began about eight o'clock at night, Murray taking the van, Lord John Drummond the centre, and the Duke of Perth, with the Prince, the rear.

For various reasons the march was too slow, the front having to stop repeatedly to permit of the rear being brought up, and when dawn broke the Highland army was still some miles from that of the Duke. It was now too late to continue the adventure. The surprise had failed, and the army returned to Culloden early in the morning of the 16th of April, so that the men had time for a few hours' rest. This futile night operation left the soldiers tired and disheartened. They were also hungry, and soon dispersed in considerable numbers in search for food. Instead of removing the force, as the necessity of the situation demanded, to a strong position such as existed close at hand on the banks of the river Nairn, the army remained on the open moor, possibly to prevent the Duke from marching on Inverness.

At seven o'clock in the morning word was brought that the King's army was advancing, and was within a

few miles of the Highland position. The drums were beaten, but 2000 of those who had been present at review on the previous day were absent, and played no active part in the battle which took place on the 16th April, 1746. It would still have been possible to retire on a strong position, and wait for the return of the foragers and of other troops who were on the way from outlying posts, but that step was not taken, and the Prince, with more courage than discretion, decided to join battle.

The royal troops, consisting of fifteen battalions of foot, numbering 8100 men, together with 900 horse, were in two lines, seven battalions forming the first and eight battalions the second line. They were supported by two squadrons of horse on the right and four squadrons on the left. Two pieces of ordnance were placed between each battalion of the front line, and three at each end of the second line. The Duke himself was in command. The opposing army was at this juncture less strong, and only numbered about 5000 men, for 2000 who were on their way had not yet joined him, and after the march of the previous day 2000 more were still absent foraging. The right of the Prince's army was under Lord George Murray, and was composed of his own regiment of Atholl, the Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, the Mackintoshes, and one battalion of Frasers. The left wing, under the Duke of Perth, consisted of the various

MacDonald clans—Glengarry, Keppoch, and Clanranald, two companies of MacLeans, two of MacLeods, and the Farquharsons. The second line contained Irish pickets and the regiments of Lord Ogilvy, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord John Drummond, and the Duke of Perth. Behind this line were the horse. The Prince and his aides-de-camp were near the centre, behind the first line. Two pieces of cannon were placed at the right end, two at the left, and two at the centre of the first line. The battle joined, and the Duke's artillery did great execution, while the Prince's, being poorly served, proved ineffective. The Highlanders on the right, becoming impatient under this fire, clamoured to be led to the attack, and soon advanced sword in hand, broke through the Duke's front line, but received a terrible check from the second line, which they failed to break. The attack of the Prince's left was not effective. Whether, as is often alleged, the MacDonalds, considering themselves slighted by being placed on the left wing instead of in the place of honour on the right, sulked, and were less spirited than in former fights, seems not to have been satisfactorily determined. The gallant Keppoch, it is recorded, advanced on the enemy crying "My God! have the children of my tribe deserted me?" and fell riddled with bullets. The MacDonalds, however, seeing the failure of the attack of the right, fell back in good order. Meantime, the

King's horse had appeared on the Highland right flank, and was threatening the rear and flank of the second line. This line, increased in number by the retiring MacDonalds, kept its ground for a time. When order was fully restored, the Duke's army prepared to make a general advance, but so soon as the Prince saw his men give way he made his escape with a few horsemen. Some hours later Lord Elcho found him in a house beside the river Nairn, " surrounded by Irish, without a single Scotsman near him, in a state of complete dejection. . . . Lord Elcho represented to him that this check was nothing, and exerted himself to the utmost to persuade him to think only of rallying his army . . . but he was insensible to all that his lordship could suggest, and utterly disregarded his advice."

At the approach of the Duke's army the Highland army began to break up. One large group of Western men headed for Badenoch and their own country; another large body, in which were the Frasers, Lord John Drummond's regiment, and the Irish pickets, marched straight to Inverness; others dispersed in small groups. Most of the chiefs in command of regiments and most of the men in the front ranks were killed. The part of the Prince's army that fled from Culloden towards Inverness was closely pursued, and the road was strewn with dead bodies. The right was more fortunate, for,

meeting on their way to the river Nairn a body of English cavalry, the latter, perhaps mindful of former fights, opened a way for them and allowed them to pass. Smaller groups dispersed throughout the country, making for their homes, which many of them were not destined to see, for the pursuing army slaughtered the fugitives without mercy. The Duke has been held chiefly responsible for the excesses which followed, and his conduct after the battle won for him the title, freely used till this day, of the " Butcher."

Acting under his instructions, his troops laid waste the country of the disaffected Highlanders, though resistance was now ended. He fixed his camp at Fort Augustus and sent strong parties into the glens, who burned, plundered, and outraged without restraint, frequently not sparing old men, women, and children, and driving off the herds of sheep and cattle which formed almost their sole means of subsistence. Others were shipped to the Colonies. Having accomplished his inglorious work, the Duke left Fort Augustus for Edinburgh.

Chapter VI

The Wanderings of Prince Charlie

Flora MacDonald

And then began for the Prince those romantic wanderings which more even than his military adventures have preserved his name in the memory of posterity. A price of £30,000 was set upon his head, yet, though many knew him well, in all his journeyings, both on the mainland and in the lone islands of the west, no one, rich or poor, spoke the word that would have betrayed him; and when, finally, he left these shores in safety, an epic of adventure, romance, and chivalry had been accomplished that is one of the finest in the world's history.

When Charles escaped from Culloden he was attended by a considerable body of horse, whom, however, he despatched in different directions, appointing the survivors of the battle to meet at Ruthven, in the district of Badenoch. He himself made for Gortuleg, where Lord Lovat then was, a strange choice considering how that astute individual had tried to avoid committing himself to the Prince's cause. Here they met for the first and last time. The Prince's stay was short, and, after

obtaining refreshment, he continued his flight till he reached Invergarry. Meanwhile a large part of the defeated army gathered at Ruthven, amongst them the Jacobite Dukes of Atholl and Perth, Lords George Murray, John Drummond, and Ogilvie, and chiefs of clans, all of whom expected the arrival of the Prince. They were joined by 500 men of Cluny Macpherson's clan who had not taken part in the battle. The soldiers were said to have been in good spirits, and a message was sent to the Prince requesting him once more to come and take the command of the army; but he apparently had had enough of fighting, and replied, " Let every man seek his own safety in the best way he can." In any event the Prince cut himself adrift from the remnants of his army, and sought refuge apart from them.

It was the intention of Charles and his friends to remain in hiding until some opportunity of reaching France should present itself. But the pursuers were at their heels. Throughout the Highlands and Islands bodies of men were scouring the country, and ships kept watch at sea. Even the island rock of St. Kilda, far in the Atlantic, seldom visited even now, was searched, but its primitive inhabitants, according to Sir Walter Scott, knew nothing of the war except that it had arisen out of some dispute " between their master, the Laird of Mac-

Leod, and a female on the continent, probably some vague idea about the Queen of Hungary's concern in the war!"

It is needless to pursue in all their details the wanderings of the Prince from island to island and to and from the mainland; how he was passed on from one place to another by the devotion of trusty Highlanders; how he braved tempests and stormy seas; and suffered from hunger and cold. Of his hair-breadth escapes and extraordinary experiences till he reached at last a place of safety, a brief account must suffice.

From Invergarry the Prince found his way to the west coast and to Borrodale, in the Arisaig country, where he had landed on his arrival in Scotland from the Western Islands in 1745. Here he met Donald MacLeod of Gaultergill in Skye, who undertook to pilot him through the Islands. For this purpose he procured a stout eight-oared boat, and took care "to buy a pot for boyling pottage or the like when they should happen to come to land, and a poor firlot of meal was all the provision he could make out to take with them."

Before sailing from the mainland the Prince wrote a letter of farewell to those who had so nobly supported him. Soon after they left the shore a violent storm arose, so fierce that the Prince, himself no coward, desired to return to land, "For," said he, "I had

rather face canons and muskets than be in such a storm as this." But the stout hearts of his companions and boatmen did not fail them, and in the morning they reached Benbecula, one of the Outer Isles. Wet and cold, they entered a poor hut, spread an old sail on the ground, and on it the tired Prince slept soundly. A cow was killed, and Donald's pot " served them in good stead for boyling bits of beef."

From Benbecula they made for the island of Scalpay, whence they left for Stornoway, the chief town on the island of Lewis. Between 200 and 300 soldiers were quartered in the town, and the Prince quickly left for the little island of Iubhard, twelve miles distant. A few days later he sailed for Scalpay to meet Donald MacLeod, who, however, was in hiding, and was not found. English ships were sighted, and the Prince once more made for Benbecula, where he found shelter in a miserable hut for a few days.

Once again he had to move, and he found refuge on the mountain of Coradale in South Uist, whence he dispatched a messenger with letters to Lochiel and Murray of Broughton to learn how matters stood, and to procure cash and brandy. The faithful Donald, who had joined him once more, carried the letters and was absent for eighteen days, during which time the Prince maintained himself

by hunting and fishing. Donald got no money, but easily provided "two anchors of brandy at a guinea per anchor." "In the Forrest house [at Coradale] the Prince (when resting himself) used to sit on a "fail-sunk," *i.e.*, an earthen seat, "having some fog [moss] and plaids under him, and would step into a by-chamber which served as a pantry, and (when he stood in need of it) put the bottle of brandy or whiskie to his head and take his dram without any ceremony." Some clansmen of the MacDonald clan came to pay their respects. "Their drink was only cold brandy out of a clean shell without any mixture at all, and the Prince stood it out better than any one of them in drinking the health of the day"—an ominous circumstance to those who know his later years.

Coradale, however, was no longer safe, for not only the English, but also the MacLeods of Skye, a hostile clan, were in search of him, and on 6th June he continued his flight. Four nights he spent at Isle Ouia (Wiay), near Benbecula. Thence he made for Rossinish, but the pursuers were there; and in the night he returned towards Coradale and stayed till morning in the cleft of a sea rock, in stormy weather and within two miles of the enemy. Soon Lochboisdale was reached, where some hopes were raised by the sight of two ships which it was supposed were French, but they proved to be English.

The Prince and two or three of his supporters had to flee to the hills. They met later at the boat, and spent two nights in the open, with no covering but the sails. They then moved further up Lochboisdale, at the entrance to which were two English ships of war. Five hundred soldiers were within a mile and a half of the Prince's hiding-place. The danger was so great that the little party had to divide, some going with the faithful Donald MacLeod, while Charles and a Captain O'Neil travelled together. Donald was left by all his companions but one. He had to sink his boat, and on 5th July was captured in Benbecula.

At this time commenced a new chapter of the Prince's wanderings. Let us quote from Captain O'Neil's Journal in " The Lyon in Mourning ": " At midnight we came to a hut where by good fortune we met with Miss Flora MacDonald, whom I formerly knew. I quitted the Prince at some distance from the hut, and went with a design to inform myself if the Independent Companies of militia were to pass that way next day as we had been informed. The young lady answered me—Not—and said that they would not pass till the day after. Then I told her I brought a friend to see her, and she with some emotion, asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her it was, and instantly brought him in."

On this historic occasion two great figures of

romance whose names were henceforth to the indissolubly linked first met. Born in 1722 in South Uist, Flora MacDonald lost her father when she was two years of age. Four years later her mother was abducted by MacDonald of Armadale and taken to Skye, Flora and her brother remaining in South Uist. At thirteen she was practically adopted by Lady Clanranald, wife of the chief, who sent her to school in Edinburgh, where she spent three years. She continued to reside in Edinburgh after her schooldays were over. During this period she mixed in the fashionable life of the city, under the auspices of the beautiful Countess of Eglinton, after which she returned to the Highlands.

Flora was informed of the Prince's imminent peril, and it was proposed that she should convey him to the island of Skye, where her mother lived. This was a daring proposal, for her stepfather was a captain of an Independent Company of King's soldiers stationed in the vicinity, but it was thought that through him a pass might be obtained for herself and a servant. At first she declined on account of the risk it would bring to Sir Alexander MacDonald, but ultimately she acquiesced, and Charles returned to Coradale till arrangements should be made for his flight. On 21st June Flora set out for Clanranald's house, but not having a passport, was detained at one of the fords. Then, finding that the soldiers

were commanded by her stepfather, she demanded to see their captain. The latter did not return till next day, and from him she received a passport for herself, a man-servant (Neil Mackechan), and another woman, "Betty Burk, a good spinster, and whom he recommended as such in a letter to his wife at Armadale in Skye, as she had much lint to spin. . . . [He] set his stepdaughter at liberty, who immediately made the best of her way to Clanranald's house, and acquainted the Lady Clanranald with the scheme." "Bettie Burk" or "Betty Burke" was the name under which the Prince was to travel in woman's disguise. Lady Clanranald assisted in the plan, and "begged of his royal highness to try on his new female apparel, and after mutually passing some jocose drollery concerning the sute of cloaths, and the lady shedding some tears for the occasion, the said lady dresses up his royal highness in his new habit." This took place some distance from the house. Meanwhile a party of red coats arrived there, and Lady Clanranald had to return to receive them, after taking leave of the Prince. Captain O'Neil had also to part, and was taken prisoner soon afterwards. Flora with the Prince made for a boat on the shore, and kindled a fire to keep them warm. But soon they were alarmed by seeing four wherries full of armed men making towards the shore. The fugitives put out the fire

and hid themselves among the heather. At eight o'clock the party, consisting of the Prince, Flora, Neil Mackechan, and four boatmen, sailed on a clear evening for Skye. The sea became rough, and the Prince entertained the company with songs. Waternish, in the west of Skye, where they intended to land, was occupied by soldiers, and the fugitives were fired on. They rowed hard and succeeded in escaping, although several ships of war were in sight. They reached a creek, where they rested the men, and escaped to Kilbride, in Skye, where protection was obtained from the Jacobite Lady Margaret MacDonald of Monkstat, whose husband, Sir Alexander, was a secret royalist. His factor, MacDonald of Kingsburgh, chanced to be at the house of Lady Margaret. He sent the Prince to Kingsburgh, whither he and Flora followed him, after Flora had been closely questioned by a military party which had just arrived. The suspicions of Kingsburgh's* wife were aroused by the inelegant carriage of the disguised Prince, but after his identity was disclosed to her, she, with much ado, furnished the best meal the house could afford. After a plentiful supper he called for brandy, saying, "I have learned in my skulking to take a hearty dram." Here the Prince

* In Scotland landed proprietors and farmers are often designated by the names of their estates or farms.

enjoyed the comfort of a good bed, and slept soundly till one o'clock in the afternoon. On 30th of June, after bestowing a lock of his hair on Mrs. MacDonald, he left Kingsburgh, still in female disguise, which he immediately discarded for the Highland dress. " His shoes," says Boswell,* " being very bad, *Kingsburgh* provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones said, ' I will faithfully keep them till you are safely settled in St. James's. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof.' He smiled, and said, ' Be as good as your word ! ' *Kingsburgh* kept the shoes as long as he lived. After his death, a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them. Old Mrs. MacDonald, after her guest had left the house, took the sheets in which he had lain, folded them carefully, and charged her daughter that they should be kept unwashed, and that, when she died, her body should be wrapped in them as a winding-sheet. Her will was religiously observed." Kingsburgh sent a boy to guide him to Portree, and Mackechan also went with him, but Flora journeyed to Portree on horseback by another road. Kingsburgh provided a boat, and young MacLeod of Raasay was ready

* Tour to the Hebrides, Appx.

to conduct the Prince to Raasay, a hilly island between Skye and the mainland. It was now time to bid farewell to Flora and Neil Mackechan, and, turning to Flora, the Prince said, "I believe, madam, I owe you a crown of borrowed money." She told him it was only half a crown, which he paid and thanked her for. He then saluted her and expressed himself in these or the like words, "For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." They were fated never to meet again. He then bid good-bye to Mackechan, who afterwards escaped to France. Flora was taken prisoner a week or ten days later, and was sent to Dunstaffnage Castle and then to Edinburgh, where for twelve months she was kept on board a troopship in Leith Roads, on which she was allowed to receive her friends. She was afterwards taken to London and kept in easy custody, and finally liberated at the special request, it is said, of Frederick Prince of Wales. She then returned to Scotland, and in 1750 married Kingsburgh's son, on the death of whose father in 1772 they went to live at his farm in Skye. There they received Dr. Johnson and James Boswell, his biographer, whose impressions of the visit are related in the narratives of their tour in Scotland. Thereafter she and her husband went to Fayetteville, in North Carolina, where there was a large colony of Highlanders. MacDonald took the side of

King George, and was in Quebec when it was stormed by Benedict Arnold. In 1783 Flora MacDonald and her husband returned to Skye. They had five sons, all of whom became soldiers, and two daughters, who married soldiers, in accordance with that love of military life which nowhere is stronger than in Skye. She died in 1790. Wrapped in a sheet that had covered Prince Charlie, she rests in the lonely churchyard of Kilmuir in a grave marked by an Iona cross of Aberdeen granite. So ended the great-hearted endeavour of this notable and adventurous woman, who, though no Jacobite herself, yet acted heroically to the heir of a royal house. Johnson describes her as " of middle stature, soft featured, gentle manners, and elegant presence "; and she has left behind her a memory that will endure so long as heroism and adventure hold their place in the souls of men and women.

From Portree, in Skye, the Prince went to Raasay, personating the servant of his guide; but soon he had to seek another shelter, and they returned to Skye where, after a brief stay at Strath, he was put ashore at Loch Nevis, on the mainland. There he found himself in danger of capture, but made his escape by passing a line of sentinels after being two days in their midst. His clothing in tatters, and often without food and shelter, the fugitive at last reached the mountains of Strathglass, in whose recesses he found safety in a cave

occupied by seven outlaws of the rebellion. They shared their primitive supplies with the unfortunate Prince, and found him a clean change of raiment, which had belonged to a royalist officer whose servant they had slain on his way to Fort Augustus with his master's baggage. Sir Walter Scott tells how one of them ventured to the Fort to obtain information regarding the movements of the troops, and brought back with him, to regale the Prince, a pennyworth of gingerbread—surely a worthy parallel to the draught of water brought by his mighty men through the lines to King David from the well of Bethlehem. Charles spent three weeks with the outlaws. Then taking with him two of the men as his guides he sought the recesses of Ben Alder to join Cluny Macpherson and Lochiel, who were in hiding there; and in a hut called "the cage," in a deep thicket on the mountain side, he lived with them in safety. On 18th September, 1746, the intelligence reached him that two French ships of war had arrived at Lochnanuagh to remove him and other fugitives to France. Charles, Lochiel, and nearly one hundred others embarked on these vessels, and landed safely at Roscoff, some leagues west of Morlaix, in Brittany, on the 29th of September, 1746.

Chapter VII

The End

Thus ended for Charles the great adventure, after five months' wanderings of the most difficult and perilous kind. The Prince's life had been at the mercy of hundreds of persons of every rank in life, including many who were opposed to his cause, yet no voice was raised to win the great sum placed on his head. Such devotion and high sense of honour have never been excelled and will for ever shed a lustre on the men and women of the Highlands and islands of Scotland. The Prince had borne himself like a brave and high-spirited man throughout the whole of his campaign and wanderings; and, with "the divinity that doth hedge a King" in his favour, it is not surprising that these qualities were magnified in the eyes of his supporters to such an extent that when contrasted with the unromantic character of the reigning house he won his way more readily into their hearts.

On his return to France Charles was well received at Versailles by the King Louis the Fifteenth in an informal interview. Ten days later, with Lord Ogilvie, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lochiel, Glenbucket, and others,

he made a formal call on the King. At this time he seems to have harboured the belief that his kingdom could still be won. In a memoir, written by him in French to the King of France, and bearing date the 10th of November, 1746, he gives reasons for this belief, and actually invites the King to entrust him with another expedition. The situation in Scotland at the time of his departure, he says, merits the King's attention. The Government is determined to make no distinction in treatment between those who remained loyal to the British King and those who took up arms for him, a situation causing so great discontent that he could now find three supporters for each one he had at leaving. He counselled the King never to give up the hope of a revolution in Scotland, for he himself could always rely on the goodwill of his father's subjects whenever it should please Providence to call upon them. Men inured to fighting he had never lacked in Scotland, but he had always stood in need of money, victuals, and trained troops. Had he possessed any one of these services he would have been master of Scotland and probably of the whole of England. "With 3000 regular troops," he says, "I would have marched into England after I defeated 'le sieur Cope,' and nothing would have stood in the way of my reaching London." "But for the lack of victuals," he claims, "he would have followed up

General Hawley after the battle of Falkirk and destroyed his army. If he had received earlier even one-half of the money which his majesty had dispatched to him he could have met the Duke of Cumberland with equal numbers, and would certainly have beaten him, since with only 4000 troops against 12,000 he had almost snatched a victory. If the King would only furnish him with a corps of 18,000 or 20,000 men he could restore his fortunes." How far the Prince was in earnest in seeking a new army is doubtful; at any rate, the King of France was not persuaded by his entreaty. For two years the Prince lived in the sunshine of the French Court, but at the end of that time the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle bound France to abandon her championship of the Stewarts. Friburg in Switzerland was suggested to him as a retreat, with the promise of a pension and the nominal title of the Prince of Wales. Charles foolishly refused this offer, and declined to leave France. Thereupon, when attending the opera one evening, a party of French guards seized him, and he was conveyed first to the State prison of Vincennes, and afterwards to Avignon, then belonging to the Pope, where he received his liberty. He proceeded to Venice with a single attendant, but was advised by the Senate to go elsewhere, and he left for Flanders. Here he lived with Miss Walkinshaw, who had nursed him in Scotland, and whose

sister was said to be housekeeper to the Prince of Wales at Leicester House, a suspicious coincidence which provoked the enmity of the Jacobites, who remonstrated with Charles and asked him to give up his mistress. The Prince, however, refused. "Not," said he, ungallantly, "that he retained any particular affection or even regard for Miss Walkinshaw, but because he would not be dictated to by his subjects respecting his own habits or family." Possibly the fact that the lady was the mother of his daughter may have influenced his answer. In consequence, however, of this refusal, whatever remained in substance of the Jacobite cause dwindled away. Minor plots were organised in Scotland and in England, but came to nought.

Affected probably by the privations he had endured and the failure of his enterprise, Charles soon began to degenerate mentally and physically. A union with Louisa of Stohlberg, a German princess, brought him no happiness, a result for which the Prince's intemperate habits were probably responsible, for the princess is said to have possessed considerable charms of mind and of person. We find him in Florence in 1779, a broken and disappointed man and an object of curiosity and compassion. "At the Theatre," says Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in his memoirs, "where he appeared almost every evening, he was led in by his Domestics, who laid him down

on a species of sofa, in the back part of his box; while the Countess d'Albany, his consort, occupied the front seat during the whole performance . . . and even there he lay concealed, as I have already observed, on account of his infirmities; rarely coming forward to view. Being desirous, nevertheless, to obtain a more accurate idea of his face and person, than could be acquired at such a distance, I took my station one evening, at the head of a private staircase, near the door by which, when the performance closed, he quitted the Playhouse . . . as soon as the Chevalier approached near enough to distinguish the English Regimental, he instantly stopped, gently shook off the two servants who supported him, one on each side, and taking off his hat, politely saluted us. He then passed on to his carriage sustained by the two attendants, as he descended the staircase. . . . On the occasion just related, he wore, besides the Decorations of the Order of the Garter, a velvet great coat, which his infirm health rendered necessary even in Summer, on coming out of the Theatre; and a cocked hat, the sides of which were half drawn up with gold twist. His whole figure, paralytic and debilitated, presented the appearance of great bodily decay. The strength of his mind had likewise become extinct at this time; and with the decline of his intellectual powers, the suavity of his temper forsaking him, he

became irritable, morose, and intractable, particularly in his family. An unhappy propensity to wine, which he gratified to excess, while it enervated his system, rendered him frequently an object of pity or of contempt, when in public."

Charles Edward died at Rome on 31st January, 1788, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was buried with royal honours in the cathedral of Frascati, of which his younger brother, Henry Benedict, was bishop. His remains were translated afterwards to St. Peter's. The bishop was the last direct male heir of the House of Stewart. The Pope created him a cardinal, and George III. generously allowed him a pension of several thousand pounds a year, in return for which benefaction the cardinal bequeathed to George IV., then Prince of Wales, all the crown jewels which James II. had carried away when he left England in 1688, together with many important historical documents. He died at Rome in 1807, aged eighty-two, and was buried in St. Peter's. In 1819 the Prince of Wales erected in St. Peter's the monument, designed by Canova, which bears the names of " James III., Charles III., and Henry IX."